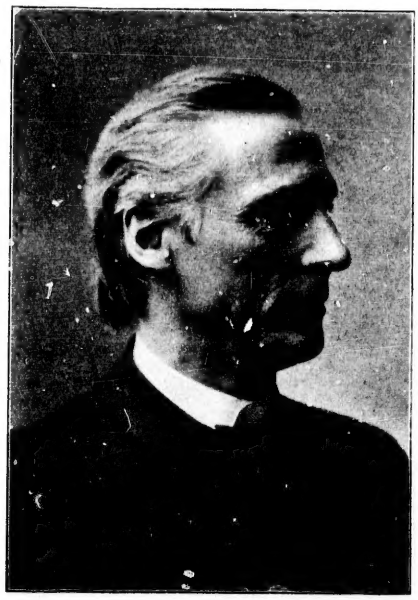
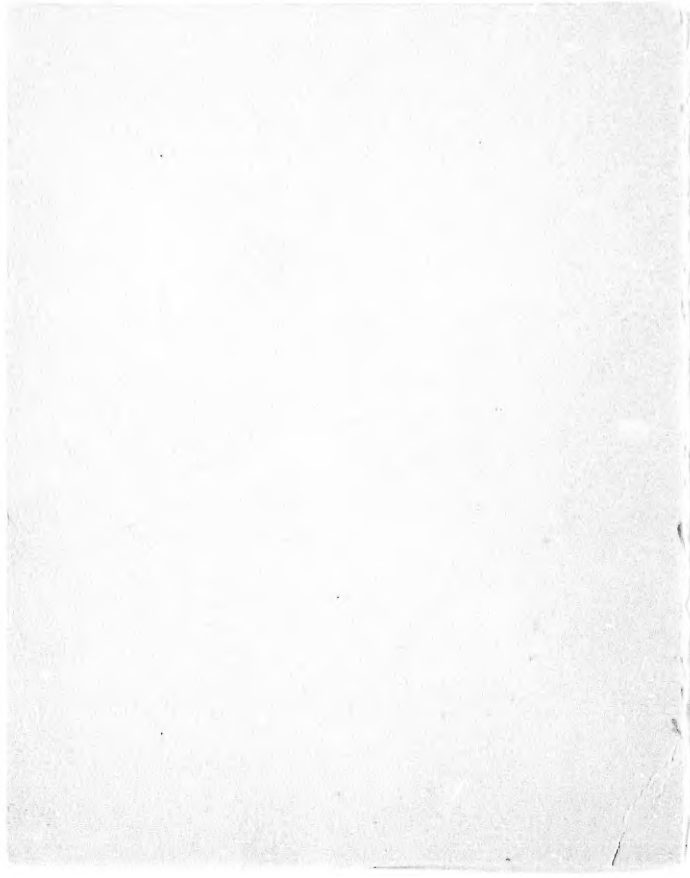


REV. JAMES BRAND, D.D.



JAMES BRAND

Twenty-six Years Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Oberlin

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SOME CHAPTERS FROM HIS LIFE

Being a Narrative of Poverty, Privation and Heroic Struggle as a Boy in a Canadian Forest, a Carpenter's Apprentice in the "States," a Self-supporting Student at Phillips and Yale, and as a Soldier of the Army of the Potomac in the Campaign of 1862-63

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

For His Family, Shortly Before His Death

OBERLIN, OHIO
LUTHER DAY HARKNESS, PUBLISHER
1899

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Introductory Sketch.

[The following, printed in the Hartford *Courant* of April 17, 1899, and written by a Yale classmate now on the editorial staff of that journal, affords to those to whom Dr. Brand was not known, an introductory sketch that supplements and gives added significance to the story told in these chapters.—L. D. H.]

"HE WAS Dr. Brand to most people, but not to all. Here in Hartford, and in other Connecticut towns, and scattered all over the country, are old friends to whom he was 'Jim' Brand a third of a century ago and remained 'Jim' Brand to the last. To them his death is a personal sorrow.

"He came of Scotch stock and had its marks in face and character. He was born in the Dominion of Canada in 1834. This made him twenty-seven years old when, in 1861, he entered Yale College—a very unusual age for a freshman. September 2, 1862, he enlisted in Company I, Twen-

ty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers. He became sergeant, and color sergeant ; was wounded at Fredericksburg ; was in the thick of the fighting at Chancellorsville ; behaved with distinguished bravery at Gettysburg ; was mustered out July 27, 1863, returned to Yale and study, and was graduated with the class of 1866. He was the patriarch in age of the class, its religious leader, and its poet. After completing his divinity course at Andover Seminary, he preached for a year or two at Danvers. Then, in 1873, he was called to the pastorate of the great First Church of Oberlin—the famous ' Finney Church.' There he remained, in ever-increasing usefulness and honor, until death took him.

"In his earlier years he could have made up very easily as an Indian chief—thanks to the tall, sinewy frame, high cheek bones, straight hair and piercing eyes in-

herited from his Scotch ancestors. Time's snow on his head only added to the impressiveness of his personality. He contributed constantly to religious periodicals and he published several books—among them 'The Beasts of Ephesus' and 'Sermons from a College Pulpit.' He was a trustee of Oberlin College. Iowa College made him a doctor of divinity in 1884. He was a conspicuous figure at the Congregational Council in London, and again at the World's Congress of Religions in Chicago six years ago. The moral and intellectual integrity of his nature was absolute. The vein of poetry in him was a spring welling out of the solid rock. From youth to white hairs he was manly, upright, sincere, a Christian gentleman, a stanchly loyal friend. Sorrowing Oberlin laid the mortal part of him in the grave Thursday afternoon."

JAMES BRAND

Some Chapters from His Life

MY FATHER AND MOTHER, James Brand and Janet Boyes, were born in 1810, and lived in Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, Scotland. Lochmaben is in that exquisite region of Annandale made famous by the life and writings of Carlyle. My parents were poor at birth, and remained so to the end. My father seems to have received a fair education for a poor boy in Scotland, and was thus able to teach a country school, an occupation which he followed at intervals through life. The Brands and Boyes are still to be found among the farmers and mechanics of

Annandale, with a fairly good reputation. My parents were married early in life. Four of their children were born in Scotland or on the border in England. It was my own misfortune to first see the light after they had left their native land and arrived in Canada. This, to me, important event occurred February 26, 1834, in the town of Three Rivers on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

While I was still almost an infant the family moved to what was then called the "Eastern Township," to a place called Kingsey, where a few years were spent of which I have almost no recollection. When perhaps three or four years old another move was made, with the hope of better fortune, to the town of Windsor on the banks of the beautiful river St. Francis. From this point onward my recollection is more vivid

My father bought two hundred acres of land, called "government land," at one dollar per acre, in a dense wilderness; felled the first trees on the place and began the stupendous task of making a farm and a home. A hole was made in the woods, a little log house was built, and there, in the "Back Woods," a mile and a half from civilization, began those struggles with the frowning forests, those discouragements from a stony and unproductive soil, and the hardships of abject poverty, which so often break down both the body and the spirit of the poor. There, too, the family increased till I found myself a member of a flock of eleven,—seven daughters and four sons. There, too, in spite of the difficulties of the situation, we experienced, as most large families do, a multitude of genuine domestic joys, which still throw a

halo around the darkness of the scene.

Probably the most trying part of the period was before I was old enough to realize much about it. One event which made a lasting impression in those early days was the death of my oldest brother Robert. He was away at work helping to support the family with his scanty earnings. He was suddenly taken sick. My father and mother were sent for, and in a few days my father returned alone. I remember running to the door to ask if Robert was better. My father replied, "Yes, he is better now," but with a look and tone that told us plainly enough that he was dead. Then came the meager preparations for burial. We never saw Robert any more, for he was buried from the house where he died. All this was in the dead of a Canada winter. After awhile, when it was all over, we settled down—

not so much to grief so far as we children were concerned, as to renewed struggles for daily bread. There was nothing to be earned in those awful Canada winters, and little to be done but to wait for spring.

My parents felt the loss of the help which Robert's services had been in support of the family, (he was the oldest son,) and all the rest who were old enough to use a little axe, or carry a peck of corn to the mill four miles away, were obliged to do their part.

In regard to that dark time I need only say that we lived through it. My father taught school generally in winter, and put in a little crop on the place in summer,—each boy and girl doing something to help carry the domestic burdens. My mother's health was never good. Life was too rough, and the hardships too sharp, for her. She probably suffered more than

any other one of us, but with a far nobler fortitude, and a more heroic devotion. She was a woman of prayer, perhaps the only Christian soul in the family for the greater part of her life. I look back with gratitude and awe to the times when I frequently found her in tears over the Bible and an old book called the "Walk of Faith" by some Scotch author whose name I never knew; or more frequently heard her in secret prayer in some secluded place to which she had stolen away from the burden of the family to be alone with God. Suffice it to say that years passed on, the clearing in the woods grew larger, circumstances became a little br'ghter, the children grew up. More Scotch families direct from the Old Country came and settled near us. We boys began to approach manhood, and the older girls were able to earn wages; and thus life grew quite tolerable.

II

IT WAS then that I personally began to manifest a very restless and uncomfortable spirit. I had inherited from my father : sort of rhyming genius,—I might say quite a poetic taste. I was indeed very fond of poetry—frequently lay awake all night composing crude poems into which my whole soul was thrown. The religious sentiment was always strong in me, though I was not a Christian till many years later. I worked hard on the farm, and sometimes went out to work for others for a few pence per day. Yet I became more and more restless in that kind of life. The few books which my father had collected were eagerly devoured by me, especially the poems. One winter, as a mark of supreme extravagance, my father, pinched with poverty as he was,

bought the complete works of Sir Walter Scott. I felt then that I was a millionaire! After that all our winter nights and rainy days in summer, were spent over Scott. The family gathered in a circle around the open fire-place, which we kept blazing with dry wood in lieu of a lamp, and my father read aloud evening after evening till the whole mass of novels and poems were read and re-read. Thus we were literally fed and stuffed with Scotch literature. It should be said here that I was a member of an intensely Scotch family; and at home no other dialect was heard but the broadest Lowland Scotch—the brogue of which I carried with me in ever diminishing degree throughout my education. To this day I am decidedly proud of my plebeian Scotch blood. The neighborhood where I lived soon became almost exclusively a Scotch settlement.

There was an old blacksmith, Mongo Douglas by name, living near us. He was a well-informed old Scotchman and a great reader, but poor as ourselves. His daughters had made him a present of a new copy of Shakespeare which was a marvelous thing in that region. The Douglas family had resolved never to lend Shakespeare out of the house, and my father had resolved never to lend Scott. But the old blacksmith, having discovered my taste for poetic reading, entered into a conspiracy with me, small boy as I was, to secretly make an exchange of books for a season. He actually lent me Shakespeare and I clandestinely gave Scott to him. Thus my untutored mind was first let into that great and marvelous world of Shakespeare. Up to that time I had known Burns, and Scott, and Oldham, and a few other old books. But here was a

new continent, more wonderful than that discovered by Columbus. Of course I did not understand it all. My schooling was of the meagerest sort. A few lessons in a night school taught by my father, and occasionally a month or two in a district school in winter, where the teacher knew but little more than the scholars, constituted the whole of my early education, apart from what I could pick up myself. But, after all, I found much in Shakespeare and in the conversation and friendship of Mongo Douglas to stir my soul to the depths. Many a leisure hour was spent sitting in one corner of the old "smiddie" carrying on conversation with the old blacksmith while he pounded the anvil.

As my mental unrest and yearning for an education grew more intense, I found that there was one at home who tenderly

sympathized with me in my longings. My mother would have long talks with me when we were alone, and end up by saying, "I hope that before long we may be better off, and able to spare you. Then you can go off somewhere, perhaps to the 'States,' and earn money and get an education." I don't know that either of us ever definitely dared to aspire to a college course. But an "education" in some form was the goal. All this was a vague sort of comfort which yet assured me of nothing, but intensified my longings and my dreams. I had a sort of vision, in those days, of a professional life, in which I seemed to see myself at a table covered with books and papers, and engaged in preparing something to say to the public! Later in life I have found that boyish dream strangely but really fulfilled.

III

THE habit of drinking in that region was almost universal. No gathering of men for any purpose—to raise a barn, build a log house, hold a chopping bee, or attend a New Year's dance, ever occurred without whiskey. My natural temperament was such that I was specially in danger of a confirmed habit of intoxication. In the absence of good judgment on my part, and in the presence of perpetual temptation from bad example, God, as I now verily believe, came to my rescue. One night I was returning home late and alone. Near my father's house was a large boulder at the side of the road. Some secret impulse from above led me to sit down on that rock. In the darkness I fell into meditation, and, for the first time in my life, caught a glimpse

of my peril. Immediately I resolved tha' no intoxicant should ever enter my mouth again as a beverage. I rose and went home perfectly settled in my purpose. I said nothing about it to anyone till the next time whiskey was being passed round. On my refusal to partake a great stir was made. My brothers and neighbors ridiculed me, and tried hard to laugh me out of my resolution. But they failed. The more opposition I met with, the more determined I became. After awhile a few others joined me, and we secured a minister from Melbourne to give a temperance lecture. A society was formed and the dominion of liquor was broken. A recent visit to that land revealed the fact that nearly all the young people are now total abstainers, and many older men, though they would never sign a pledge, are now sober and thrifty.

As to the use of tobacco, I had the same passion to smoke that all the other boys of the region had. But here, too, Providence was against it. One day I took pipe and tobacco and went off for a first great smoke. It was perfectly successful. But the result kept me in a prostrate condition behind a log in the pasture for some hours before I felt ready to return. I carefully avoided answering direct questions on the subject of my long absence. But it seemed to me after that, that there was no sense or wisdom in the use of tobacco. Every year since that time has only confirmed my conclusion. I thank God every day that, without any visible sign of good sense on my part, I was saved in my youth, and in a region where both whiskey and tobacco were as common as daily bread, from those two blighting habits. It is morally certain that had

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IV

IN THE course of years a Yankee school-master by the name of Bean came to Windsor; and, during a three months winter school, established a debating club in the school-house for the boys. I could not leave my work to go to school, but I did join the debating club, which tended thoroughly to awaken my mind. I remember my first appointment on debate. I pondered the subject in the night, and while at work in the woods by day; and was often found and laughed at for repeating over my arguments aloud when I supposed no one was near. When the great day came I made my speech to a full school-house, and my reputation was made. An old man named Josiah Brown nearly ruined me by saying that my speech was "almost as good as

the school-master's." With a great struggle, and with the beneficent help of much subsequent snubbing, discipline, and experience, I have, I hope, survived my conceit.

That debating club, however, still further intensified my longings for an education. At this time I was in dire need, for, as yet, I did not know the simplest rule of English Grammar, and could not spell the common words. The time at last came in the circumstances of the family when my mother's timid prophecy seemed approaching a possible fulfilment. I was a man, as near as I can recollect, well up in my teens. A tolerable subsistence could be made from the farm. The place was left in the hands of my father and a younger brother. Without any definite plan, or purpose, or hope, but simply resolved to seek my fortune, I packed a few

things in a little box, bade farewell to my home, and started for the state of Maine. My mother, always my good angel, seemed to have a presentiment that she would not see me again. She followed me some distance from the house, as I was going away, and gave me her last blessing and embrace. Her presentiment was right. I never saw her more.

I had at that time a good sister in Biddeford, Maine. To her I went and stayed a few days while looking for something to do. The great fact now dawned upon me that the prospect of an education seemed no better in the United States than in Canada. Still I was not discouraged. It was late in the fall of 1853, if I mistake not. I had no money, and work was hard to find. I was ready to undertake any sort of toil that would give me bread. I searched the towns of Saco and Biddeford

from one end to the other for some one to "give me leave to toil." Day after day I returned weary and heart sick. Nobody wanted work. At home I had become handy with tools, and at last Mr. Isaac Sands, a house carpenter, took me in and set me to work. That winter I could do little more than earn my board, but gradually I improved in skill and was soon as good as any man he had. My wages were raised, and I devoted myself to the trade of house carpentry. Between three and four years were spent in that business in the employ of Mr. Sands.

During the course of that time I fell in with a few young men of an intellectual turn of mind, and quite beyond me in culture and intelligence. They were carrying on a debating society. At first I was inclined to shun them lest I should expose my ignorance, but was finally induced to

join the club, unlettered as I was. The first debate in which I took part was on the subject, "Resolved, That the works of Art are more attractive than the works of Nature." Of course I took the negative. My passion for nature was in my blood from infancy. But, to clinch my argument, I introduced the idea of a beautiful, intelligent young lady as an example of nature. This brought down the house and won me the debate. After that the boys were very friendly, lent me books to read, etc., and we had many a good time together while they were in school, or clerking in stores, and I was toiling away at the bench.

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V

IN THE fall of 1857 began that great revival of religion which spread over the whole country, and changed the lives and destinies of thousands of people. Through that revival my own life reached its supreme crisis. The Sands family, with whom I had become so intimately associated, were church-going people, and my custom was to attend church with them. My life, however, was far from being Christian. Habits of thought and speech, which prevailed in the society with which I was daily thrown, had left their mark upon me, though the two great evils of liquor and tobacco, conquered years before in Canada, were steadily resisted. A noble Christian man, Dr. Francis B. Wheeler, was then pastor of the Congregational Church of Saco. His preaching, especially

as the revival interest began to appear, had great influence upon my mind. I remember being deeply and frequently affected, and even shedding tears during the service, long before I thought seriously of surrender to God. The truth convinced my reason, and the love of God touched my heart and stirred my emotional nature. And that for a long time satisfied me without any change of will. I have noticed the same thing many times under my own ministry. The weeping hearer is often the last to come to Christ. One evening, however, in mid-winter, 1857, when many young people were turning to Christ, I went into the prayer meeting in the old vestry, so far as I recollect, without any purpose good or bad. The meeting did not interest me. At the close of the more general exercises I went out with several other young men, and was

standing at the door talking. Then and there God's plan suddenly developed. A good Deacon Sawyer was God's chosen instrument. This man came out, laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Come in, we are going to have a short enquiry meeting." God's finger was in that touch. I neither seemed to yield or resist, but, somehow, walked in as a matter of course, without a word. I only remember that there were prayers and kind words, and, lo, I was on the Lord's side! A mighty change had taken place as silently as the sunlight falls upon the rock. Vaguely, but really, I seemed to be connected to Christ's service and reconciled to God. There was a good deal of talk about my case, and that of some other young people. But my chief concern was that it might not prove to be a sham, for I dreaded shams. From that time onward

for several weeks, during which the great awakening was under full headway, I attended meetings every night without exception. Our debating club meetings were abandoned, all of its members, I think, becoming Christians. That old vestry became, and is still, to my mind, one of the most sacred spots on earth. In the early spring about one hundred of us united with the Congregational Church.

VI

ONLY a few days later I was at work in the carpenter's shop, when the door opened and the pastor, Dr. Wheeler, came in. He said, "I came in to ask if you have any definite plans laid for life." I thought I saw something in his face that meant a new career for me. I said I had no plans but that could be easily abandoned. I told him something of my dreams and unrest, but that I had no prospect but the life of a common mechanic. I had spent more than three years at the bench, had just secured a chest of tools, and was ready to begin as a journeyman carpenter. He quietly said that he had talked it over with some friends, and he thought he could put me in the way of getting an education, provided I would be willing to enter the min-

istry. I said that would depend on whether he thought I would be worth anything in helping men to Christ. He encouraged me, and the die was cast then and there.

Dr. Wheeler's plan was to have me take simply the academy course at Andover, Mass., and then, owing to my age and poverty, to go directly into the theological seminary. I assented to the plan, but with the secret reservation that I would settle the question of college when I got to it. My pastor encouraged me to expect that several friends in the church would give me a financial start; which promises were faithfully kept. All I wanted was a "start." In three weeks my chest of tools was sold—a fact which I have often regretted. My friends had gathered around me with great kindness and I was off for Phillips Academy! My

life dream was beginning to unfold. I had money enough to get through the first term in the Academy in a course of study which proved to be of ten years' duration, besides a year in the army, before I was ready for the pulpit. Yet I never thought of being discouraged, or inquiring how I was to get through.

I had letters from my pastor to Dr. S. H. Taylor, the distinguished principal of the Academy, and to Professor Shedd, then of Andover Theological Seminary, on the latter of whom, when I presented my letter, I promised to call often, but, like that of many another bashful loon, it was a promise never kept.

To a "greenhorn," fresh from the jack plane, and with absolutely no early training beyond the ability to read and write in an exceedingly imperfect manner, I need not say that the new life at Andover

was neither easy nor cheering. After securing a boarding place at $1.60 per week, and procuring a room in the old "Latin Commons" furnished with one broken-legged chair, and a table to match, in the middle of a carpetless floor, and with two or three books, I began my life work. Taking up Latin and mathematics together with some other studies which I ought to have had in childhood, and seeing each day little boys half my age going away ahead of me, it seemed to me that I had entered upon a process of martyrdom, and that "getting an education" was not so lovely as I had supposed.

In the course of time, however, my recitations gradually improved. My pride kept many from ever knowing how utterly destitute of early training I was. I had one advantage, however; I had read a good

many books of poetry and fiction, which gave me a slight advantage among the boys, though not much with my teachers. During the first term I earned no money, and accomplished very little in any direction, except to learn, in some degree, how to study. My scholarship, however, was hurt all the way through by the fearful disadvantages of my early youth. In the long summer vacation I went back to Maine and earned what I could at my trade, returning in the fall with enough to begin, but not enough to continue many weeks. I secured the care of the Seminary Chapel, which helped me eke out a living.

Thus I went on from term to term. My Saco friend, Dr. Wheeler, soon left there and went to a Presbyterian church in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The other friends there, after doing me a good many kind-

nesses, lost interest in me after awhile; thought I was foolish to talk of college, and that I was wasting my time in so much study, and wearing out my life trying to get it. Accordingly I was left to my own resources. Wealthy boys in the Academy once in awhile gave me a lift secretly, rather than have me leave. But after all, a good many terms I boarded myself in a very primitive way. I bought a barrel of Boston crackers and a big jug of New Orleans molasses, stored them away in a corner of my room, and these constituted my food three times a day. The only relief from that was when old Mrs. Gough, who had charge of the Seminary rooms, brought me what she called a "pandowdy," in pay for some job of work done for her.

During my senior year a dear friend of mine, and his sister, who came into pos-

session of quite a fortune, gave me great help and enabled me to get through without a debt. I cannot here mention all the good friends in Andover whom I found both among the students and the citizens of that dear old town. Mrs. S. F. Abbott and Mrs. Farley, however, deserve special mention for their sympathy and encouragement to a homeless and penniless youth.

I was, indeed, homeless, and had been for several years. I should have mentioned that during my first year in the Academy I lost my mother and my home at the same time. News came from Canada that she was dying. I went home, but she was already buried when I arrived. Thus the main tie that bound me to Canada was broken forever. My mother was the victim of poverty, hard work, and the care of a great family of children,—a suf-

ferer for years from poor health and domestic hardships. "The rest that remaineth to the people of God" must have meant to her far more than to most women. It was a consolation to her on her death bed that she knew I had become a Christian, and was studying for the ministry. She was a good mother in spite of the world, the flesh and the devil. My father after awhile married again, and the original family were all scattered, each for him or herself.

I must say that, notwithstanding all drawbacks, I had a very blessed and delightful course in Phillips Academy, graduating in June 1861, just as the war of the rebellion broke out. The advice of my friends was disregarded, and I quietly determined, instead of entering the seminary half prepared, to go straight to Yale. How I was to pay my way in college was a

problem which I could not, indeed did not, attempt to solve. I had already learned what I have told scores of boys since,—that if one has pluck and Christian self-denial he can get an education, whether he has money or not. With this feeling strong in my soul, I entered college in the fall of 1861. My freshman year in college was one of delightful study and companionship, distracted only by the excitements of the great Rebellion. Early in the year I became secretary of a student's boarding club, which secured to me my board; and certain small scholarships, then available for poor students, supplied my other wants.

VII

AT THE close of the year, or, rather, in the late part of the summer vacation, the prospects of the war were very dark from the Northern point of view. A heavy call for more volunteers was made, and notwithstanding I had given myself to the Gospel Ministry, I felt that I could not rest without contributing my share to the cause of the country. It seemed to me a Christian duty as much as preaching. I felt the stronger on this subject because I had grown up from childhood with intense anti-slavery feeling, and I had no doubt but that slavery would go down in the blood of the rebellion. Accordingly, I enlisted[1] as a private soldier,

[1] In one of Dr. Brand's old college note-books this entry was found:

"NEW HAVEN, September 2, 1862.—This day I bid farewell to the dear scenes of Yale College and

and for nine months was enrolled in Company I, Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteer Infantry. We were transported first to Arlington Heights, and put for a few weeks under training. I was there appointed Color Sergeant of the regiment.

Soon we were marched down through Maryland, crossed the Potomac at Acquia Creek, and led to Fredericksburg to engage in the great abortive struggle under Burnside. The battle, which was our first, took place December 13th, 1862. My own regiment was marched across the Rappahannock River, into the city of Fred-

lay my life on the altar of Freedom. I enlist in the 'Burnside Rifles' for nine months. I trust God has led me to this decision. My hope is in Him. If I never return, let this testify that I believe I have laid down my life in a just and holy cause; and that I have done so under the influence of no momentary excitement, no love of adventure, no hope of honor, but simply because I believe that God and humanity demand it. May God help me.

"JAMES BRAND."

ericksburg, and up Marye's Heights in front of the " stone wall." There we were slaughtered for a half day without any material gain to the Union cause. I was wounded through the shoulder in front of, and close up to the stone wall, early in the afternoon ; lay on the field between the two lines of battle till dark ; then got off to the right down into a road-cut in the hill, and so back to the city. The next day was Sunday, during which both armies lay still. Sunday night we evacuated the city, returned to the north bank of the river, and the Burnside effort was a failure and defeat. The enemy could not be dislodged from the heights in that way. I was removed, with hundreds of other wounded men, to Alexandria, where I spent some six weeks in the gallery of the old Baptist church which was being used as a hospital.

Returning to the front as soon as I was able, we stayed in winter quarters till the first of May, and then began the Chancellorsville campaign. Crossing the river some miles above the city of Fredericksburg, we proceeded to Chancellorsville where the enemy met us, and a terrific battle ensued, May 1–3. There a large part of my regiment was captured, but the colors being with the other part, were saved. It is no part of this sketch to detail the fighting and suffering of that campaign. Suffice it to say that I came out of it alive and without a wound. Our next campaign may be considered with more complacency.

During the hot weather the last of June, 1863, the army began its march from Falmouth, Va., to Gettysburg, Pa. After an excruciating march, almost night and day, we reached Gettysburg on the morning of

July 2, and went at once into line of battle. (For details of this battle see my lecture on Gettysburg, and the history of Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers.)

[Although this is a personal narrative written by Dr. Brand for his children at their request, and, of course, with no thought of publication, he maintains, even here, his characteristic reticence as to his own part in that historic campaign of the Army of the Potomac in '62–3; and the lecture and history to which he here refers are likewise silent as to his conspicuous bravery at Gettysburg. We learn from these narratives that at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of this July 2, his regiment (now reduced, after a campaign of only nine months, from 829 to 75 men), as a part of General Brooke's brigade, made that desperate charge down through the "valley of death," across the wheat field. But these accounts do not record the fact that the colors of the Twenty-seventh

Connecticut were first to reach the rocky ledge (Dr. Brand's account simply says that "the men" planted the colors on the ridge); or that when the night closed in and 38 of the 75 men were down, and General Brooke at last ordered the shattered line to fall back, Color Sergeant Brand again risked his life to save that of his disabled regimental commander: he fell out of the line under a murderous cross-fire to take up and carry him from the field. A medal, now in possession of Dr. Brand's family, commemorates the deed.—L. D. H.]

When we had followed Lee's flying forces back to the Potomac and captured his rearguard, our term of service having just expired, we returned home amid the rejoicings of the people over the great victory. I have very vivid remembrances of our reception at New Haven. The regiment was a pet of the city, and the whole

population was out. What specially impressed me was the fact, that, as we were drawn up in front of the old State House, my best beloved teacher, Professor Thatcher, even then an old man, stood up on top of the fence amid a crowd of college boys, and, waving his hat, proposed "three cheers for Brand."

In a few days we were mustered out of service, and I was once more a citizen and a student, but the hard s of my brief army life left their mark my health, and have caused many a day of suffering, even down to the present time.

[Dr. Brand's manuscript ends here. He had promised his children to take it up again in the summer vacation of 1899, and to enlarge it by the addition of more reminiscences and anecdotes of his boyhood, and by the continuation of the narrative down to the close of his college life. His death, on April eleventh of this year, prevented the fulfillment of his promise.—L. D. H.]

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